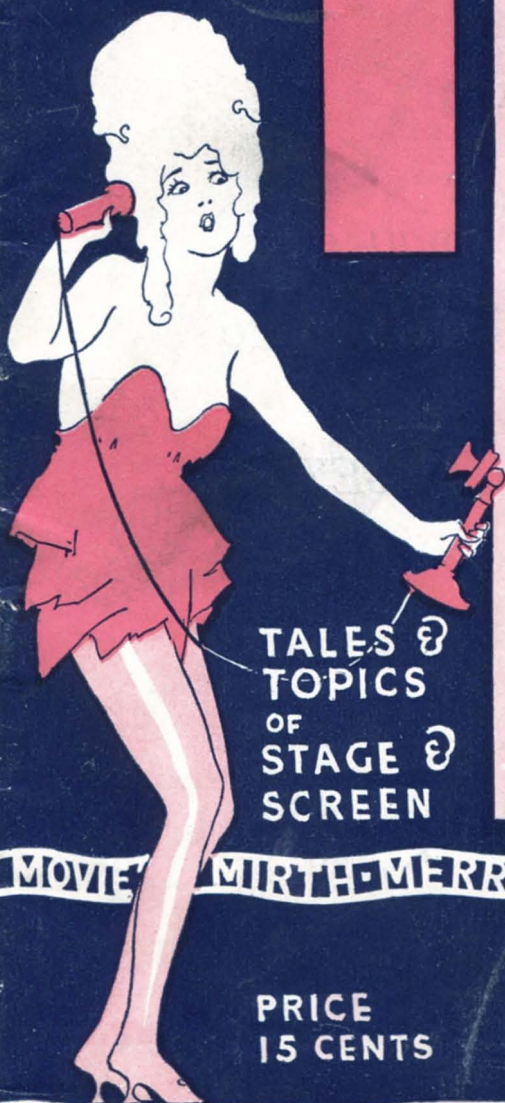


THE TATLER

OCTOBER, 1920

FUN FACTS



TALES &
TOPICS
OF
STAGE &
SCREEN



DELORES MENDEZ

White Studio

MOVIE MIRTH MERRIMENT MISINFORMATION

PRICE
15 CENTS

STAGE SCREEN SONG STORIES SATIRE SPICE

THE SONG OF SONGS—
“When I Looked In Your
Wonderful Eyes”

Songs may come
and
Songs *may* go
But this song is *SURE* to go
GET IT AND IT WILL GET YOU

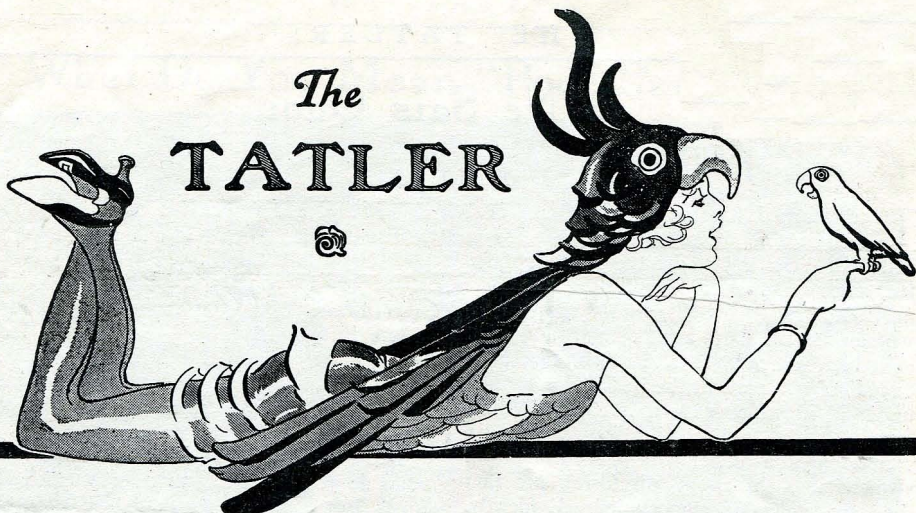


WATERSON, BERLIN AND SNYDER

Song Publishers

Strand Theatre Building

Broadway and 47th Street, New York City



VOL. II

OCTOBER, 1920

NO. 9

Some People Have An Idea That—

- G**EOERGE COHAN stands on a Broadway corner handing out money.

- Flo Ziegfeld is a young lady.

- Bert Williams is as black as he is painted.

- Leon Errol was born with a quart in his hand.

- Roshanara is a brand of cigarettes.

- Dorothy Dalton is Jack Dalton's sister.

- Louis Mann can name the best actor in America without going outside his own family.

- Muriel Ostriche is a bird of wonderful plumage.

- Thomas H. Ince hates to see his name on the screen.

- All the boobs live in the small towns.

- Orchestra leaders in movie houses hate the spotlight.

- Will Rogers is the poet lariat of moviedom.

- Rider Haggard does a stunt with Ringlings.

- Water coolers in theaters are made to hold water.

- Fred Stone is really stuffed with straw.

- Nineteen millionaires wait at the stage door of the Follies every night.

- Pat Rooney is an Irishman.

Je Ne Sais Quoi

Or, as the French say, "How do you get that way?"

By LISLE BELL

THE stage is dark, but it's a bedroom scene. The reason we know it's a bedroom scene is because the stage is dark. But since we can't see the bed, we are left in doubt as to whether (1) there is a woman in the bed and a man under it, in which case it is a French farce, or (2) there is a man in the bed and a woman under it, in which case it is an Al Woods farce.

Suddenly, a shaft of pure moonlight streams into the room, disclosing the fact that the room is unoccupied. Evidently, this is going to be an unconventional bedroom farce.

In the distance, a clock, having nothing else to do, strikes. It is an outlaw strike, however, and doesn't last long.

A window is opened stealthily, and more moonlight comes in, followed by a man wearing a mask and carrying a revolver. He creeps about noiselessly, breathing like a child. First he tries the door; then he tries the bottle of perfume on the dressing table.

A noise is heard without. What can it be? Someone approaching, or just a careless stage-hand walking about? The intruder crawls hastily under the bed, just as a lady opens the door and enters, trailing her robe de chambre across the carpet.

She crosses to her dressing table, and picks up a hand mirror to examine what's left of her complexion. Suddenly, she catches sight of the burglar beneath the bed. She sees his reflection in the mirror. (This is old stuff, but it always gets by.) For the first time in her life, the lady, who was looking for nothing more exciting than wrinkles, has found a man. Seizing a tiny revolver out of the drawer, where it has lain for ten years awaiting just such an emergency as this, she faces him.

The Lady (*in a commanding voice*)—Throw up your hands, and come out of there!

The Burglar (*who is still a gentleman*)—Madam, have you ever tried to crawl out from under a bed with your hands up? It's not being done.

The Lady (*touched*)—Well, then, use your hands. Only hurry!

The Burglar (*following her instructions,*

and rising to his feet)—I don't like to be personal, but how long has it been since you swept under that bed?

The Lady (*sharply*)—That's none of your affair.

The Burglar (*mildly*)—No offense, lady. I was merely asking for information.

The Lady (*coldly*)—I'll give you something else to think about. I'm going to shoot you.

The Burglar (*without alarm*)—Now what do you want to waste a man like that for? Just because I disturbed the dust under your bed. Besides, I don't fancy being shot—it doesn't agree with me.

The Lady—You admit that you are a burglar, don't you?

The Burglar—Oh, I admit that I broke in; but, you see, no one told me you had a revolver. And anyhow, this room looked so cozy and inviting—I couldn't resist.

The Lady—But I don't understand. You would have robbed me?

The Burglar (*with feeling*)—Ah, lady, there's where you do me a great wrong. I didn't intend to rob you. I didn't come here to steal your baby's bottle—nor even your husband's. Heaven knows I'm not a bad man. I used to be on the stage, but I wasn't even a bad actor.

The Lady (*softening, as we all knew she would*)—Then how did you come to this?

The Burglar (*signalling the orchestra leader to start a little sob music*)—It was this way, lady. I was a comedian, and I played—year after year—in the best farces. And I broke into your bedroom, just to be—just for a few minutes—back in the dear old farce atmosphere. You see, lady, I can never go back on the stage again. Why? Well, I got housemaid's knee, from crawling under so many beds.

The Lady (*with tears in her voice*)—What a terrible experience! Still, it's so hard to get servants these days, you're lucky to have even that much of a housemaid.

The Burglar (*holding out his arms*)—Marry me, and she's yours!

The Lady (*tossing the revolver into the fireplace, and discretion to the winds*)—Oh, this is so seldom!

(Curtain)

There's a time limit to everything. Even platonic love ceases after 1 a. m.

What Do You Mean "Poor Butterfly?"



Copyright Alfred Cheney Johnston

The butterfly looked in the window and saw Corinne Griffith, and being a modest butterfly thought she needed a bit of covering

THE TATLER

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William Mendelssohn
Business Manager

Application for entry as second class matter pending

We Protest

THE W. C. T. U. announcement of its drive to get tobacco into the Constitution and out of the country by 1924 is arousing a lot of opposition, of course, but not all of it comes from those who merely smoke and chew. A lot of it comes from those whose business has been going up in smoke for years, and who are afraid they will be left without visible means of support.

Among the protests which have been received are those from the following organizations:

The Amalgamated Male Models of America—who have been making a good living by posing as virile business men with cigarettes between their fingers.

The Imperial and Most Salaamed Press Agent of the Turkish Empire—who has been placing most of his advertising through the harem ads of the cigarette makers.

The Lovers of the Rubaiyat, Inc.—who

have relied upon the cigarette makers to keep the author's name before the public.

The Federated Ventriloquists of America—who will be deprived of one of their best stunts if they can't hold a cigarette between their teeth while emitting "Silver Threads Among the Gold" through their lips, along with the smoke.

The Movie Vamps' Union—whose members always light a cigarette in the big lure scenes, to let the public know how vampish they really are.

The Leading Men of American Drama, Ltd.—who indicate composure and "savoir faire" by extracting a cigarette from a gold-embossed case, tapping it lightly on the case, snapping the case shut, replacing the case in pocket with a graceful gesture, lighting cigarette with another graceful gesture, taking one puff on the cigarette with a third graceful gesture, and tossing the cigarette in the fireplace with a fourth graceful gesture.

Too Much Competition

THE theatre managers have got to do something about it.

The competition from other sources is becoming altogether too obnoxious.

With the styles where they are, and getting more so, all the time, people just sort of hate to go off the street and buy tickets for a musical show.

They feel that, while they are in the theatre, they are missing something, for something worth while is liable to happen along the sidewalk at any moment.

Some of the revue managers and pro-

ducers are daring and really have gone about as far as they can with their costumes and remain within the law. But there are no restrictions placed on the lady in the street. She is uncensored, untrammelled and unterrified.

During intermissions the men in the audience rush out, grab their pass checks and hurry to the sidewalk and a good many of them are late getting back into the show.

"All the world's a stage," said Bill Shakespeare. He said it.

Mem Russell in "Tickle Me." Would You?

Calendar for October

- Fri. 1. Bedrooms were abolished and Al Woods retired in 1988.
Norman Trevor cut his finger on the crease in his trousers, in 1919.
- Sat. 2. Cheese cloth was substituted for scenery, 1913, and for costumes, 1918.
- Sun. 3. Final rendering of "Dardanella" in vaudeville, 2000. New version of "Dardanella" tried out, 2001.
- Mon. 4. Winter Garden show opened without a postponement, 1950.
Shuberts stopped hiring tall chorus girls, 1960.
- Tue. 5. Col. House given a speaking part in the silent drama, 1922.
Col. Bryan given a silent part in the speaking drama, the same year.
- Wed. 6. George White ran out of paint and the "Scandals" were forced to close, 1921.
- Thu. 7. A man discovered on Broadway who had never heard of Irving Berlin or Ed Wynn, 1948.
- Fri. 8. Louis Mann style of collar invented, 1899.
Eugene O'Brien type of adorer invented 1919.
- Sat. 9. Georgia peanut crop ruined by frost, 1900, and the gallery crowd had to get along with half-rations.
- Sun. 10. Greenwich Villagers launched an impressionistic theatre in 1913 and put on depressionistic drama.
- Mon. 11. Thomas Meighan's daily quota of mash-notes showed a ten per cent increase, 1920.
- Tue. 12. Columbus discovered America, 1492, and America discovered prohibition, 1919.
- Wed. 13. Victor Herbert conducted the opening of his 640th light opera, 1945.
Gil Boag conducted the opening of his 980th cabaret, 1926.
- Thu. 14. Peacock alleys abolished, 1950, and people developed brain fog trying to think of a place to meet.
- Fri. 15. The world's available supply of burnt cork became exhausted, and Al Jolson and Eddie Cantor retired, 1970.
- Sat. 16. Manufacture of Rolls-Royce discontinued, in 1951, and chorus girls had to get along with cars costing only \$10,000.
- Sun. 17. London rights to five Broadway failures sold, 1920.
Caruso drew his first cartoon, 1891, and his biggest check, 1920.
- Mon. 18. Musical revue produced without any vaudeville specialties in it, 1951.
- Tue. 19. Five British dramatists discovered that they were shy in cash and announced that they were coming to America to lecture, 1921.
- Wed. 20. Harry Lauder retired, 1990. His will was read, 1992, and it was found that he had departed penniless.
- Thu. 21. Mack Sennett bathing girl overcome by the heat, 1930. She put the blame on her new bathing suit, which was an eighth of an inch longer than she was accustomed to.
- Fri. 22. Chorus girl declined a luncheon invitation to the Claridge, saying she preferred Childs, 2074.
- Sat. 23. A whole season went by without a single actress being discovered on the east side and given a chance on Broadway, 1901.
- Sun. 24. Three movie stars consented to a reduction in salary so that their manager could buy a new yacht, 1945.
- Mon. 25. A man was able to buy two seats in the fourth row at the box office of a Broadway success, and died from the shock, 1983.
- Tue. 26. The hero of a society drama got through three acts without lighting a single cigarette, 1907.
- Wed. 27. Eva Tanguay became a lullaby singer on the Chautauqua circuit, 1966.
- Thu. 28. DeWolff Hopper starred in "The Little Minister," 1941.
Bertha Kalich starred in "Peter Pan," 1941.
- Fri. 29. Percy Mackaye wrote a civic drama based on the dictionary, and beginning, "I stood on the unabridged at midnight."
- Sat. 30. A play was endorsed by the Drama League, but managed to be successful in spite of that, 1918.
- Sun. 31. All dining room scenes cut out of the current plays, 1921. Owing to the high price of food, the managers couldn't afford to set the tables.

"Love Me Love My Dog"

*Latest picture
taken in this
country of un-
fortunate Olive
Thomas*



*Bebe Daniels and "Bruce" her
beautiful collie*



*Marie Cham-
bers and her
little "Pom
Pom"*

Eccentricities of Genius—The Comedians

WE have often been told that genius is peculiar—that it has many fads, follies and inexplicable habits. This is undoubtedly true of stage people and—particularly of comedians. We have often watched them make their fun, not knowing the thoughts which really lie concealed by those smiling faces nor the habits which govern their private lives. For the readers of TATLER, we have the personal traits of some of the more prominent.

Ed Wynn never wears pink pajamas on the street; he never parks his Ford in his dressing room during a performance; he considers it bad luck to break a dressing-room mirror because dressing-room mirrors are expensive; he almost never wears a dress suit at the breakfast table; he never plays the snare drum and the violin at the same time.

Raymond Hitchcock never likes to see his name in the newspapers or magazines unless it is in prominent type; he rarely eats corned-beef and cabbage for breakfast; he has never kept a pet alligator in his dressing room; he never sleeps in a hammock in the winter; he almost never visits the pest house during an epidemic; he doesn't own a submarine and does not like to receive "collect" telegrams of congratulation.

Fred Stone considers it bad luck to walk under a ladder and have a gallon of red paint and a 180-pound painter upset on him; he never wears a mummified Gila monster as a watch charm; he will not allow a cross-eyed black cat in his dressing room; he considers it bad luck to step on a watermelon seed or banana skin while dancing; he never plays a slide trombone in a telephone booth.

Willie Collier never wears a red necktie with evening clothes; he doesn't eat horseradish on his ice-cream and never has acquired the habit of folding up a folding bed after he has got into it for the night.

Leon Errol never flops wheat cakes in a Childs' window.

Sam Bernard never appears in a theater where they use gas instead of electric lights, and stoves instead of steam heat.

Jack Hazzard never eats garlic salad during a love scene.

Joe Cawthorne is not fond of whale-meat and never smokes a clay pipe while riding in an airplane.

Frank McIntyre never spends his summers at Coney Island and it is seldom that he advertises for a job as lineman for a telephone company.

W. G. Fields never writes testimonials for beauty cream.

WHILE NEW YORK SLEEPS

IRENE met the
FAMOUS MRS. FAIR
And CINDERELLA ON BROADWAY
And they decided they
Would call it LADIES NIGHT
And they went to
THE NIGHT BOAT to take
A trip WAY DOWN EAST.
They thought it would be
A MIDNIGHT FROLIC
To get away from
LITTLE OLD NEW YORK.
On the boat they saw
The BAD MAN and THE BAT
And a lot of CROOKED GAMBLERS
and some SCRAMBLED WIVES
And other MIDNIGHT ROUNDERS
And when they saw IRENE
They thought she was
THE POOR LITTLE RITZ GIRL
And they said WELCOME STRANGER
And ENTER MADAME and she saw
Some men on the lower deck
Yelling COME SEVEN
And she exclaimed
"This is one of the
SCANDALS OF 1920 or I must
Be SEEING THINGS."
"TICKLE ME," said the BAD MAN.
"This is a HAPPY-GO-LUCY party"
"As YOU WERE," she screamed
And she fainted and they had
To CALL THE DOCTOR.

WHY GIRLS LEAVE HOME

Limousines.
Cabaret suppers.
Careers.
French poodles.
Electric lights.
Apartments on the Drive.
Wall street friends.
Lobster Newburg.

WHY THEY GO BACK

To get something good to eat.
To marry the village banker.
To sleep nights.
To have a landlordless bungalow.
To set the undertaker back twenty years.

An Artistic Pose of Alice Joyce



Delicatessen

SURE you know Mrs. Della K. Tessen
 Who lives in Apartment 2 B.
 Whose step is so dainty and cheek is so painty
 A glorious vision to see.
 She puts on her skirt with a shoe-horn.
 Her French heels are six inches high.
 And all the cliff-dwellers, from attics to cellars
 Watch cute Mrs. Tessen go by.

Her husband goes down town at 7.
 The dishes she piles in the sink.
 She primps for a minute and puts her soul in it
 Then beats it as quick as a wink.
 She spends all her morning in shopping.
 Perhaps she buys one spool of thread,
 But there isn't a hat, in the city at that,
 Which she hasn't tried on her head.

From shopping, she goes to the movies.
 She weeps o'er their wiles and their tricks.
 The tears, she does spill 'em while watching the fillum
 And stays till five minutes to 6.
 She stops at the delicatessen
 For a pickle and chocolate éclair,
 And sardines and russes and other abuses
 And beats Henry home by a hair.

And dinner is all on the table.
 The kind that no French chef could make.
 But Henry, poor duffer, has learned how to suffer,
 He's learned how to give and—to take.
 Dyspepsia finally lands him.
 He checks out of life's dizzy whirl.
 There's no use in guessin'. The delicatessen
 Has widowed another sweet girl.

PAULINE TRUPPER.

ESSENTIALS

The American stage is not complete unless it has:

An incandescent fireplace for defiant heroines to toss incriminating love letters into.

A mantelpiece for the ruined stockbroker to rest his mentalpiece on.

An armchair for the reminiscent old uncle to reminisce in.

A silver cigarette box for perturbed heroes to take a cigarette out of, strike a match to, and inhale one puff of.

A telephone for excited housemaids to give the plot away into.

A butler for the foxy old rogue to get a valuable bit of information out of.

A davenport for the ingenue to curl herself up in.

A rug for the new Swedish maid to stumble over.

A vamp for everybody to fall for.

SHE KNEW BETTER

After the performance—it was one of those rattling girl-and-music shows—the pretty new recruit went to the manager for his verdict.

"Well, do you think I put it over?"

"Surest thing," cried the manager, beaming. "You made the hit of the show."

"And how did I look in that peacock gown?"

"Stunning! You were Lillian Russell, Edna May and Maxine Elliott all rolled into one. Come out and have supper with me."

The fair recruit blushed. "I know better"—she began.

"What, you deny you were stunning?"

"No, no," she broke in. "I mean I know better than to go to supper with you. But I'll go just the same."

Ruby Loraine

*The beautiful
model who made
the late Raphael
Kirschner famous*



Modern Business

BUSINESS Man—Anyone who rents desk space and has a letterhead.

Modern Business Man—Any business man who has a stenographer.

Up-to-Date Business Man—Any modern business man who has more stenographers than he needs, so that he can take the prettiest one out to lunch.

Stenographer—The "human element" in modern business and the chief reliance of the chewing gum manufacturers. Some stenographers can spell atrociously; some can't even spell that.

Modern Stenographer—Any stenographer who takes dictation.

Up-to-Date Stenographer—Any stenographer who takes luncheon invitations.

Office Boy—The easiest thing to get to in a business office and the hardest thing to get past. Any youth with more than seven grandmothers who die during the baseball season is qualified as an office boy.

Filing Devices—Card catalogues with a college diploma; a puzzle for new stenographers and a morgue for missing correspondence. The filing device was probably the invention of Noah, who, when he went aboard the ark, filed everything in duplicate.

Roll-Top Desk—The grandfather of the modern filing device; a rendezvous for dust, empty envelopes and rubber elastics that have lost their pep. Excellent places to lose things in, and then to find them after they have become valueless; the blind alleys of business.

Ticker—An instrument for ruining speculators, as shown in the movies. (At least, we think that is the way of it, because in every movie we have seen the speculator runs up to the ticker, reads the tape, and then shoots himself or something.)

First Vice-President—Portly gentleman in striped trousers who knows nothing about the business, but warms a swivel chair at every directors' meeting.

Second Vice-President—Ditto, only more portly.

Third Vice-President—Ditto, only downright fat.

Office Hours—A method of dodging bill collectors and subpoena servers; sometimes a handy alibi for wifey.

Dictaphone—An instrument invented for the benefit of business men unable to dictate letters to a stenographer and keep their mind on their business at the same time; every man his own master's voice.

Private—A label for doors, which looks well but fools no one; sometimes also a label for letters, but seldom used on postcards.

I CANNOT SING THE OLD SONGS

I CANNOT sing the old songs.

I wouldn't if I could.

The words may be as always

But they don't sound so good.

"Farewell, farewell," "Sweet Adeline"

And "Good Night, Ladies," too.

"How can I bear to leave thee?"

And, "Little Maggie's Shoe."

The harmony of yesteryear,

Accented at each bar,

Is not as full as once it was,

The tone is below par.

The old-time voices now are sad

They have no vibrant flare

And when I hear them start to sing,

I go away from there.

Oh once I had a liquid voice.

And it was heaven-sent

But now it musters no more power

Than half of one per-cent.

—ROY K. MOULTON.

THE SEVEN AMERICAN MYTHS

(1) Marry a man to reform him.

(2) Doing Christmas shopping early.

(3) Laying something aside for a rainy day.

(4) Enjoying symphony concerts.

(5) Going to Niagara Falls for a honeymoon.

(6) Believing everything the politicians say.

(7) Electing William Jennings Bryan.

THE SEVEN AMERICAN REALITIES

(1) Rent.

(2) Prohibition.

(3) Umbrella borrowers.

(4) Poorly ventilated pullmans.

(5) Blue envelopes and blue Mondays.

(6) Getting stung in Wall Street.

(7) Blocking the sidewalk to listen to sidewalk fountain pen salesman.

Frills and Fair Faces



Olga Ziceva in the
"Greenwich Village
Follies"



Sylvia Clark in the "Greenwich
Village Follies"



Lucy Cotton in "The Sin That
Was His"

The Life of Lucille

(Being the Story of a Chorus Maiden in the Wicked City. Each Installment of the Story is Complete in Itself)

By GUY D. MORIBUND

HIRAM PURDY was messing around with the hogs on his farm when he had an inspiration. He was tired of hogs and hard work.

So he trudged to the house, with the barn-lantern banging against his legs and said to his wife: "Marthy," he said, "We have had a purty good year on the old farm and the crops are all in and we have cleaned up purty nigh onto \$200 clear cash."

"Yes, Hiram," she replied. "It has been the banner year for us and I, for one would like to take a trip sum'mers."

"Just what I was thinkin', Marthy," said Hiram. "Why not go right down to see our datter Lucy, who is into that theater show opry and pay her a nice long visit."

"She would probably like to have us see and meet some of her friends," said Marthy. "Of course, though, she ain't got much room and has to skimp some onto her meals to git along on that thutty dollars a week she gits from the opry, but we can help out on the expenses."

"I ain't never been to New York," said Hiram, "and I cal-late it would set us back twenty or twenty-five dollars, if we stayed very long. But it will be wuth it to have a nice long visit with our datter who left home so long ago."

"Set right down and write her a telegram that we're coming," said Marthy.

Miss Lucille Purdee, the shimmy queen of the "Banalities of 1920," alighted from her Rolls-Royce and entered the marble apartment building in which she had four-teen rooms and five baths.

As she entered her apartment, her second butler handed her a day letter. She tore it open impatiently and read:

"Your Paw and Maw have decided to pay you a long visit and meet all your friends and have a good time for a couple of months. You needn't be ashamed of the tenement house you live in and your maw and me will take a room next door somewhere, if you will around and find us a good one for about \$3 a week.

HIRAM PURDY."

Lucille sat down at her onyx and gold desk and drawing forth a sheaf of telegraph blanks which she used when she wished to communicate with her friends in town, telephoning being so middle-class, and with her diamond studded fountain pen, she scratched a message hurriedly and handed it to her butler to be sent.

Hiram Purdy drove over to the telegraph and railroad station at Hickeyville to see if any message had come. It had. He was so excited he didn't dare open it until he got home.

Marthy looked over his shoulder as he read it:

"Sorry. Our show goes for long tour through west starting tonight. Don't know when we will get back. Don't come until you hear from me.

LUCY."

"Well, now, ain't that just the darndest luck?" said Hiram.

"And that poor girl being chased all over the country without no good home cookin' or nuthin'.

Did the "Banalities of 1920" leave town for a tour of the west?

Ask Sweeney. He knows everything.

Measles and matrimony are both contagious. The difference is that you catch measles earlier, and matrimony oftener.

The label proves nothing. That's why so many married women are found in bachelor apartments.

Ziegfeld has to pay \$300 for a pair of tights, so why should a man complain if he has to pay half of \$300 for half a tight.

In a new play on Broadway, a home-brew recipe is explained. That's the trouble with these home-brew recipes; they have to be explained. Who ever heard of explaining a drink of straight whiskey?

Women watchmen are being employed at grade crossings by the Pennsylvania railroad, instead of men. Good chance for those women to get a job whose face would stop a train.

Fascinating Oriental Types Are In Favor



*Maria Ascarra
in
"Spanish Love"*

*Margaret
Severn
in the
"Greenwich
Village
Follies"*

*Mlle
Pebe
in the
"Greenwich
Village
Follies"*



The Sons of Our Country

By AUGUST GERBER

WHILE poetry's appeal is not general enough to reach everyone the majority of people enjoy a bit of verse now and then. Mr. Gerber has submitted to us a short poem that we know will be read with interest by all lovers of rhyme. This is the poem:

Our brave soldiers fought with indignity;
At night they saw prosperity.
They were heroes till it ended;
The great war they had mended.

The heroes of '76 were just as brave;
They marched away with glory that waved,
The minutemen were just the same;
Because they, too, were always in the game;

And there, too, are other brave men;
The soldiers of '61 they were heroes by the ten,
While some of them, lay in their grave;
We will not forget they were brave.

They were all heroes in that case;
But, we will remember them in our base,
They were the sons of our country;
We will not forget their deeds, as long as our flag covers our boundry.

STILL UNTOUCHED

Cheer up!

The movie producers still have a lot of sources for material. Just because all the novels and short stories of the last two decades, and most of the classics of the last few centuries, have been utilized, don't get the idea that the field is exhausted. In fact, the present outlook is that the public will be exhausted before the field is.

Among the more or less well-known works of literature which haven't been shot at yet by a movie camera, we recall:

The Boston Cook Book.
Sears-Roebuck Catalogue.
Esperanto in Ten Lessons.
Who's Who.
McGuffey's Third Reader.
New York Central Time Tables.
Poor Richard Almanac.
Webster's Unabridged Dictionary.
President Wilson's Notes to Germany.
Germany's Notes to President Wilson.
The Eighteenth Amendment.

IF THEY USED THE WANT ADS.

TO EXCHANGE—Actor will exchange pleasant memories of two seasons with Booth and Barrett for a square meal. Write, giving full bill-of-fare.

APPLY TO Flora Dora, one of the original sextette, for advise on love and marriage; best of references and plenty of experience.

BLONDE would get in touch with a dissatisfied brunette; perhaps we both need a change.

FOR SALE—Complete set of make-up, including false moustache and toupee; reason for selling, owner is leaving the stage to take up steady employment.

BARGAIN—Actress who has married and is going into retirement would like to dispose of her paste jewelry; press agent value \$80,000; actual value, \$4.50.

WILL YOU HELP?—Philanthropic organization has undertaken the endowment of a home for aged and infirm imitators of Charlie Chaplin; it is overcrowded already and more funds are necessary.

Marion Davies in "The Restless Sex"



(C) Ira Hill Studio

Verses by Our Own Pet Vamp

I'D like to go to Cuba,
 I would, I would, I would.
 For really, now, it seems to me,
 With everything so glad and free,
 The hunting would be good.

Wine, Women and Song—
 And the average dome
 Of the average man
 Holds no thought of home
 But take away Wine—
 And the Women and Song
 Have a pretty tough time
 In getting along.

To vamp or not to vamp,
 That is the question.
 Whether it is nobler of the heart
 To suffer the slings and arrows
 Of a humble fortune
 And labor at the washboard,
 Or ride in limousines
 And wear rich sables—
 Perhaps that is the consummation
 Devoutly to be wished.

I belong to the Home Wreckers' Union.
 I lure fickle men by my wiles.
 But it's tough going now,
 I'm obliged to allow,
 The society dame,
 She has ruined my game
 By wearing the present-day styles.

I wed an aged millionaire
 Of four score years and ten.
 I thought I'd be a widow soon
 He was so old—and then
 He played the meanest trick on me.
 'Twas tough, you will allow.
 He had some sheep glands grafted and
 He's only twenty now.

Vamp, Vamp, Vamp,
 The girls are marching.
 Cheer up sisters and be gay.
 Every minute one is born
 'Mid the pumpkins and the corn
 And they'll always flock to see
 The Great White Way.

Throne on the Screen, as 'Twere

QUEEN MARIE, who has been holding down a crown in Roumania, is considering the movies. She has had a camera test, we understand, which was mutually satisfactory—both to the queen and the camera. The question of salary is under discussion. It appears that the queen is a member of the Throne Workers Union, and won't go into the movies unless she gets the regular union scale, with time and a half for over-exposure.

Just why the queen wants to lay aside her plush robe, her ruby boudoir cap, and her diamond sceptre, is not explained, so that our guess is just as good as anybody's. And our guess is that the queen is tired of the active life of ruling and longs to take a whack at the easy life of reeling.

Just compare the queen's daily routine, while queening, with her existence as it will be as a pet of the studios.

Queening

6 a m—rises and enjoys a royal rinse and rub in the rotunda of the royal bathroom.

6:30 a m—rings for her morning chocolate.

7 a m—the chocolate arrives, having been delayed by a bolshevik argument between the lord high chef and the third knight of the pantry.

7:30 a m—the queen visits the royal nursery, confers with the private tutors, and gives daily instructions to the royal chamberlain.

8 a m—goes for a canter in the royal park, accompanied by the royal groom.

9 to 12 m—Official duties in the main salon.

12:30—Luncheon with two ambassadors, and a couple of stray archdukes.

2 to 5 p m—official business.

5 p m—for a drive in the royal barouche.

6 p m—revisits the nursery.

7 p m—dines alone.

8 to 10 p m—plays solitaire.

11 p m—the queen yawns and goes to bed.

Screening:

6 a m—the queen is asleep.

6:30 a m—the queen still sleeps.

7 a m—more of the same.

7:30 a m—the queen vocalizes a royal snore.

8 a m—transposes the snore to a minor key.

11:30 a m—the queen wakes.

12:30 p m—reads her morning mail, consisting of 300 mash notes, 75 proposals of marriage, and 50 unpaid bills. She directs her secretary to burn the mash notes, file the marriage proposals for future reference, and forward the bills to her manager.

2 p m—steps into her Rolls-Royce and drives to the movie studio.

3 p m—has a slight headache, and quits work.

4 to 6 p m—tea at the Ritz.

7 p m—dines with a dozen admirers.

8 to 10 p m—the queen does a little vamping.

11 p m—goes to a supper-dance, wearing her new \$3,000 evening gown and her new \$40,000 diamond tiara.

There isn't much use in spending money to go to a burlesque show any more. One misses so much by going in off the street.

Every guy who shows up with a black eye nowadays has a good alibi. He says he has just taken a famous baseball manager home.

They used to brag how many miles they got out of a gallon. Now they brag how many drinks.

Ouida Bergere Seen to Good Advantage

A BALLAD OF DRESS

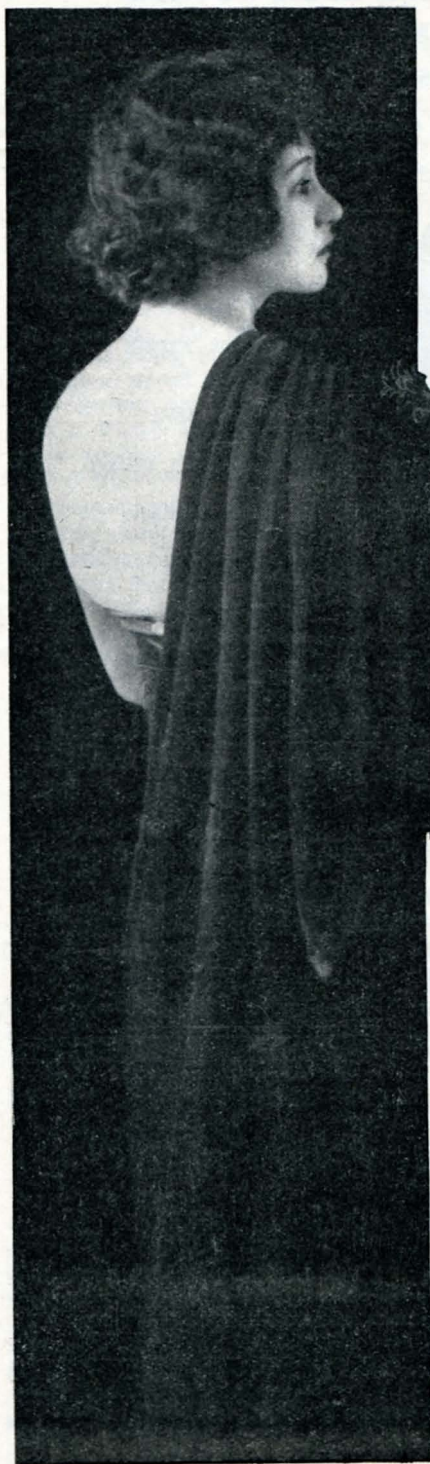
A mother said unto her child,
 Unto her, she did say:
 "Remember you are going to
 The city far away.
 Be sure and wear these flannels, girl,
 Up tight around your neck,
 The city's cold, so wear these skirts
 And woolen socks, by heck!"
 The girl unto the city came
 And saw how girls were dressed
 And straightway threw away the skirt
 Also the flannel chest
 Protector that her mother made,
 And bought a shadow gown
 And every day, decollete
 She hoofed it round the town.

CHORUS

"Don't break the news to mother,
 For goodness knows, I luvver.
 I cannot wear the junk she made
 Far back there on the loam.
 Don't tell her that her dorter
 Is wearing skirts much shorter
 Than Ben Hur's, and
 she'll never know
 For I'm not going home."

WAGS OF THE WOULD BE WITS

- (1) Telling the elevator operator in a nine-story building to let you off at the fourteenth floor.
- (2) Lifting one foot to an imaginary brass rail at a soda fountain.
- (3) Blowing the foam off an ice-cream soda.
- (4) Remarking, "Now I am going to say something funny. Is it warm enough for you?"
- (5) Mispronouncing French phrases.
- (6) Asking a girl her age.
- (7) Referring to the Saturday night bath.
- (8) Counting the number of chewing gum wads beneath the table in a restaurant.
- (9) Doing imitations of grand opera singing.
- (10) Speaking in a tenor voice.



When Gabriel Blows His Trumpet

JOHN CUMBERLAND will be buying a new bathrobe for his season's costume.

Frank Bacon and John Golden will be splitting the week's receipts for "Lightnin'."

Nine hundred thousand actors will be hating themselves with a deep, undying hatred.

Somebody will be whispering to somebody else the location of a quart of the "real old stuff."

McIntyre & Heath will be signing a contract for another carload of burnt cork.

Bob Hilliard will be buying a fresh gardenia for his buttonhole.

Eighty-seven large motion picture concerns will be making the weekly change of executives.

George Lederer will be talking about the good old times back in 1892.

Some optimist will be trying to find something naughty in Greenwich Village.

A lot of old-timers will be trying to get a Leon Errol jag on nut sundaes.

Flo Ziegfeld will be in a tailor shop and Al Woods in a restaurant.

Ninety-seven couples will be getting engaged on the Fifth-avenue bus.

They will be building trolley tracks down the aisles of some of the larger motion picture houses.

Gasoline will just be going from \$3 to \$3.10 a thimble-full.

There will be the usual bumper ham crop on Broadway.

We'll Say They Were Lucky!

A WELL-KNOWN broker of New York who has his summer place in Pelham, wanted to get three or four cases of this and that transported from his city residence to his bungalow, and didn't want to bother with any permit.

So he went to a Westchester taxi driver that he knew and told him if he'd bring the stuff out he'd give him \$25. The taxi man agreed and took his wife along for a decoy. After spending part of the day shopping, etc., they got the stuff and started for Pelham. The driver was careful to violate no traffic regulations and was congratulating himself that he was getting away with it, when a motor cop came alongside and stopped him. The fellow and his wife had visions of being locked up and the taxi confiscated.

"What's the trouble now?" asked the driver.

"Yer got to buy a couple of tickets to the police games," said the cop.

The driver bought four, and drove on. Another prominent Pelham gentleman was taking several cases home late one afternoon, when a motor cop held him up.

"Didn't think I was going any too fast," expostulated the citizen. The cop smiled sardonically.

"No you weren't going too fast," he said, "but we got orders to look cars over for booze."

The Westchester gentleman saw the jig was up and was figuring how he could keep out of jail when another car whizzed by at fifty miles an hour. The cop took one look and said, "That guy has got booze," and he jumped onto his motorcycle and flew in pursuit, leaving the other fellow to motor quietly into a side road and so home in safety.

Have You a New-Model Soul?

By DE VAUX THOMPSON

IT must be a terrible nuisance to have a soul is taken out for a trial spin but it never breaks any altitude record.

That is to say, one of these new-model souls that need tinkering all the time like a dollar-watch or a patent potato-peeler. But they are becoming very popular.

There is Cyril d'Automat, for instance. He has the soul of a writer. He has never written anything but has been obliged to spend most of his time getting his soul ready. Like a delicate airplane, it has to be coddled and petted before it will make a flight.

Temperamental it is and must be manicured and sterilized and shampooed like a lap-dog every day. But still, he is a man with soul and if he ever does get that soul to hitting on all twelve, he is going to break some speed records. Just as Cyril gets his soul ready to take off for a flight, something goes wrong with the carburetor or something and the art has been delayed for about twelve years.

Anatole Friere is another. He has the soul of a painter, not a painter of barns or signs, but of pictures. His soul has given him some little trouble at times, being given to back-firing and exploding in the muffler, but everybody knows he is a man with a



an Paige, showing her exceptional profile

Three Girls Wanted To Appear In Movies!

with the Universal Film Co.

BE one of the three girls who will enjoy a luxurious trip across the United States with a contract to appear in Universal Pictures at a handsome salary when you reach Los Angeles.

Do you want to be?

Then write today to the Contest Editor of Dramatic Mirror for full details of this most unusual contest which is open to all girls.

Particularly should this contest appeal to the girl who has already had some experience in theatricals as she undoubtedly realizes how hard it is to secure a contract with one of the leading producing companies.

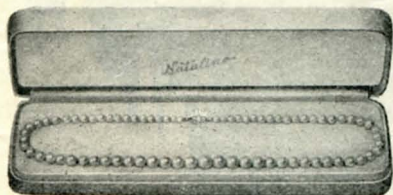
Not only will the three with highest honors receive prizes but the unique conditions and easy terms of the con-

test practically assures every girl of a worth while prize. Beautiful indestructible Nataline Pearls worth from \$25.00 to \$85.00 the strand can be won with little effort by every girl who enters this contest. Ask your jeweler to show you a strand of the "Milo" quality, genuine Nataline Indestructible Pearls so that you may see for yourself that the pearls are the kind you have always wished for.

Other big movie stars have entered stardom through an opportunity such as this? Why not you?

These Beautiful Nataline Pearls

Every girl will have the opportunity of winning a strand of these wonderful pearls with only a slight effort. Ask a jeweler to show you this prize.



MILO

This quality of Nataline Pearls, known as the Milo, is an exact duplicate of the genuine worth thousands of dollars. Its regular value is \$25.00 in any retail jewelry store. AND—
This is the Least Valuable Prize We Offer

Dorothy Dale's Career

By ROY K. MOULTON

THE experiences of a pretty, young girl from a small Michigan lumbering town who came to New York to make herself a career as a motion picture actress. After many vicissitudes, owing to the fact that the bulk of the motion picture industry had removed to the Pacific coast, she drifted into the chorus of a musical show and soon won recognition as a dancer. Her childhood sweetheart, Bob Whitely, was promoted to a clerkship in the offices of his concern in New York and advanced rapidly in the new field. His efforts to induce Dorothy to forsake the wild life of the metropolis had been unavailing. As a climax, he with the assistance of a detective, Pat Maloney escaped after a fight in front of Hector's cafe and took Dorothy and her friend Margot Dupre in a taxicab.

CHAPTER VII.

WHEN Charlie's taxicab had reached a secluded bit of road in Central Park, Pat Maloney signalled him to stop. Dorothy was weeping softly. Bob's face was strained and his teeth were clenched and he was absently stroking the good right fist that had toppled Henley over into the Broadway gutter.

Margot alone was cheerful. She had not stopped smiling since Bob's fist had connected with its mark.

"I'm afther thinkin'," said Pat, "that now is a good time for a bit of a talk."

"I want to be taken back down town right away," said Dorothy.

"But Dorothy—," began Bob.

"I want you to never speak to me again," said the girl.

"You are a pair of idiots," snapped Margot.

"Margot, darlin'," said Pat. "You have said a mout-ful—an wit' such a pretty mout', too."

"Shut up, you big boob," snapped Margot, though not without one of her wonderful smiles.

"I suppose they are after me by this time," said Bob quietly but nervously, mopping his brow with his handkerchief.

"No, they're not," said Pat. "They're not afther you at all, at all."

"I must have handed that boy a wallop. by the feel of my hand."

"You did that. But they are not afther you."

"Why not?"

"Because I have got you. You will never be tighter in the toils of the law than you are at this moment," and Pat leisurely took a huge black cigar from his vest pocket and lighted it. "Young man, you are under arrest, and believe me, whin I arrest 'em, they shtay arrested."

"Har-har," snorted Margot. "Did you get as far as the station house with any-

body last month, Pat Maloney? No, you did not. You're too chicken hearted for a copper."

"Well, it's the likes of you, you riddidded divvel, that makes me so. I'll bet I pinch twenty Johns on Broadway last month and some broiler teases 'em away from me, but not this time. The sarge passes out the dope last night that there is too much fightin' on Broadway—so this gay young buckoo is going to be escorted to the station house by me, I, meself."

"Now, listen, Pat," and Margot changed seats with Bob, giving her the seat next the big detective, and placing, Bob next to Dorothy. "Listen, now Pat, darlin'. I know you got to take him in, but you wouldn't spoil two young lives by makin' a charge against him very strong, would you now, Pat? Couldn't you do somethin' for me once in a while. Gawd knows it's seldom enough I ask you."

"I ask you to do somethin' for me wanst and you didn't do it."

"But, My Gawd, man, you asked me to marry you."

"Well, you might look funder and do worser, as the poet says."

"Well, I might reconsider."

"All right, Margaret Dugan."

"Where do you get that Margaret Dugan stuff?"

"I know you from Jersey City yet. I know when you turned Frinch and took the name of Margot Dupre."

"You're a wise bird."

"Sure. Ain't I on the foorce?"

"Ho-ho!"

"Thin you will marry me, Margaret Dugan?"

"Sure," replied Margot. "I got one barber on the list and a funeral director. I might as well have a policeman. You will be number 11, Pat. Your number will be called when your turn comes. I may

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DOROTHY DALE'S CAREER

(Continued from page 23)

be an old woman by the time I have got rid of ten husbands, but I'll not forget you and, just to show you that it's on the level—"

And Margot with a tinkle of Irish laughter in her voice and the Irish divvle in her eyes threw both arms about the neck of Pat and kissed him and there wasn't any reason to believe it was a stage kiss, either.

"Say," bawled Charlie, the driver. "What kind of a par-r-ty have you got in my taxicab, Pat? You oughta know there's no spooning in public conveyances in the parr-r-r-rk."

"That's the best kiss any flat-foot in this town ever got," said Margot as she settled back in her seat, straightened her hat and daubed a little powder on her nose.

"Shut up, Charlie," roared Pat. "The lady was just introducing a little evidence for the defense, that's all. Now you can drive on to the station house, afther drop-pin' the ladies at their huttel."

"You will go home with me again, Dorothy?" asked Margot.

"No, I can't—not, tonight. I told them I would come. They are all going to be out there again tonight—the party, you know."

Dorothy had steadfastly refused to speak to Bob. He had implored her to listen to him and had finally sunk into a moody silence.

"Please, Dorothy," urged Margot. "I know what is best. Stay away from Henley's party tonight."

"I can't, dear," replied Dorothy. "Please don't ask me. I promised them all I would come."

The taxicab driver dropped the girls at a Broadway corner and Pat and Bob continued on toward the station house.

"We'll just stroll in and take a look at the blotter," said Pat, "and see if you're wanted."

They strolled in. Pat looked at the blotter carelessly and asked the man at the desk if there was anything doing, which there was not. Nonchalantly, he returned to Bob and they walked out.

"They have nivver heard of the likes of ye," said the detective. "Annyhow, I don't think it's a breach of the peace to soak a bird like Henley. I would give me badge for wan poke at him meself."

"Then Henley has entered a complaint—"

"That duck? Not on yer life. Nobody will ever get him on a witness stand. Oh, no. He probably figgers that he got off lucky. He's the worst proposition on this street o' nights. He has some gay parties out at his place—but it's beyond the city limits."

"Dorothy is going out there again to-night."

"It looks like it."

"I must find her."

"Take my advice and moind yer own business."

"That's plain talk, Maloney."

"Sure. It's plain talk that a lot of you corn-fed Romeos need. I've seen 'em before—hundreds of 'em, chasin' here after some skirt that has slipped the home noose and come to the big town for a career. They all act alike. The first thing they do is to want to lick somebody. Now, that's not the way to win a girl—by lickin' somebody else. Others start to shootin' somebody up. Most of 'em that do the shootin' not only lose the girl but go up the river. Believe me, bo, no girl is worth that trip."

"I will save this girl."

"That's what they all say. They all come here to teach an old town new tricks. Now I suppose I'm wastin' a lot of perfectly good prohibition breath on you, but I sorta like you and I don't want to see you get in wrong. Just let that girl have her head. She won't look at you while she's got this spasm. If she's any good, she'll come through all right. If she's no good, you don't want her. That's a little bit of Bunk Boulevard philosophy that we all learn that hangs around here a few years."

"Margot told me the same thing."

"Margot! There's one that knows. She's the wisest Irish-French woman between the Battery and The Bronx, take it from one who has met every flapper that has flapped along this avenue in the past ten years. I started in to pinch Margot for puttin' her fut through the window of a taxicab one night about six years ago, when a guy got fresh wit' her and I ended up by askin' her to marry me—and I haven't asked her only three times since. That shows you how good she is. She's a good girl, Margaret Dugan."

"I am going to save Dorothy, tonight."

"You've gotta fat chance. If you

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Ada Mae Weeks in "Jim Jam Jems"



Ada is showing the artist just how she wants her picture painted. Ada can show a great deal that is attractive

Five Men

FIVE men were seated around a table. They had been enjoying an elaborate dinner, and had reached the coffee and cigars.

One man was the life of the party. He told anecdotes, invented epigrams, gave imitations, grinned continuously, and laughed loudly. He was a professional pallbearer.

A second man chuckled a great deal, told a racy story, and winked. He was a deacon.

The third man smiled occasionally, but said little. He was a broker.

The fourth man never smiled, and whenever he said anything it was something gloomy. He was a professional humorist.

The fifth man sat like a clam and glowered. He was paying for the dinner.

DOROTHY DALE'S CAREER

(Continued from page 24)

start anything, I'll run you in and it'll be on the square, this time. Now you go and take a nice long walk—take a walk in the park and think it over. Wait a minute. I'll go wit' you. I need a little exercise.

Bob never knew how long they walked but it was his impression that they covered the length of the park from Fifty-ninth to One Hundred and Tenth streets five or six times. As a matter of fact they didn't do it once. Pat kept up a running conversation, glancing occasionally at his watch, but it was not until very late that he steered Bob out of the Seventh avenue entrance and headed him down Broadway.

"Would ye mind, if I stopped here a minute to telephone?" he asked. "It's to a frind of mine, and very particular."

Bob made no reply but Pat turned and entered a cigar store. When he came out of the hot booth, he was somewhat flustered.

"I was talkin' to Margot," he said. "I thought we might drop down and see her a minute. She put up an awful holler, sayin' it was too late, but finally said she'd be waitin' up for us."

They walked along in silence. In the small lobby of Margot's apartment house in the Forties, Pat used the telephone and was told to come up. They toiled up the five flights.

"It is a wonderful time to be calling on a perfect lady," said Margot. "How do you get that way, you poor fish?"

"Now listen," said Pat. "We got to thinkin' about the little gal and worryin' and I wanted to ask you what happened to her."

"How should I know? Take a chair, Bob. You, too, Pat, if you think you have got to stretch this into a Vanderbilt reception."

"What became of her?" asked Bob.

"She left me and said she was going to meet Henley at Hectors and they were going out to his place with the rest of the party that has been hangin' out there. That's all I know about it."

"Oh no it isn't," said Pat. "You know something else. You know whether she met him or not."

"Why, you big stiff—"

"Woman's curiosity, Margot darlin'. Didn't you see her meet him?"

"Sure. I did."

"I thought so. Now I'll tell you something else. Charlie saw you when you saw her meet Henley."

"Did you have that dish-faced prize-fighter watching me?"

"Far be it from such, but Charlie took up Dorothy's case where I left off. When you butted into it, too; you happened to get across his line of vision and, quite natural, he told me about it when I was in the Arsenal up in the Park and talkin' to him on the phone."

"Why didn't you tell me?" demanded Bob.

"My dear boy, Charlie could do more for her in a minute than you could do in a month. He knows this Henley backwards and he knows this town inside out. He sees more from the front seat of that taxicab than you could see from the top of the Woolworth Tower."

Margot's telephone rang. She rose to answer it.

"If you please," said Pat intercepting her. "I think that will be Charlie. I told him to call here."

He took off the receiver, placed it leisurely to his ear and emitted a "hello" that Charlie could have heard if he had been doing time in Sing Sing.

"Yes—yes—yes—yes— y' poor fish— yes—aw shut up—yes—yes—"

Margot and Bob were leaning forward in their chairs excitedly. Bob's hands were clenched until the nails cut the flesh.

"Is there any news?" he asked, huskily.

"Oh yes. Sure," replied Pat lighting his defunct cigar and strolling over to the window to look down into the street.

"Well, you big boob, spill it," demanded Margot.

"Well, he's got her."

"Who's got who?"

"Charlie has got Dorothy. He had to knock Henley for a goal and commit burglary and everything else to do it and I understand him to say that he has also got a personal clout on the dome that will keep him from wearing a plug hat for several weeks."

"I would just as soon try to interview that statue of Columbus, up in the park as to try to get any information out of you. For the love Mike, tell us something," shrilled Margot.

"Well, it seems the party didn't go out there tonight. Henley told Dorothy they had gone on ahead and she went alone with him in his car. When they got out there, with Charlie taggin' em, the girl found out that the two of 'em was all the party there was to be and then, if I understand the matter correctly, my friend

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A Cook's Tour of Broadway

THE BAD MAN—Saturate Holbrook Blinn with chile con carne; add a dash of gunpowder; garnish with comedy and serve on the border.

CROOKED GAMBLERS—Cut a Wall Street melon, and add the juice of one lemon; mix with plenty of water, and serve with plenty of kale.

SCRAMBLED WIVES—To a quart of jealousy, add several heaping teaspoons of misunderstanding; allow to come to a boil and serve in a boudoir.

LADIES NIGHT—Strip the outer layers off a half dozen actresses and put them in a steam bath; garnish with turkish towels and serve hot.

ZIEGFELD FROLIC—Pour plenty of warm light over a bunch of tender chorus girls; add French dressing and a dash of paprika; serve on the roof.

THE GOLD DIGGERS—Separate several men from their money; add a dash of Ziegfeld and a pinch of hokum; flavor with chorus girls, and let simmer under Belasco lighting.

LIGHTNIN'—Put Frank Bacon over a slow fire; garnish with the divorce question, and serve year after year in the Gaiety Theatre.

SCANDALS OF 1920—Cover the exposed portions of a large number of chorus girls with fresh paint; throw in a handful of laughs, and serve with scenery.

THE CAVE GIRL—Strip a bunch of millionaires of the comforts of civilization; bring them to the boiling point in the woods of Maine, and serve with back-to-nature sauce.

Vacation Days Are Over

By MERCIDES BUICK

VACATION days are over. The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year, when all the prominent people are back on dear old Broadway—never more dear than now.

And they have all had such wonderful vacations, all these stage and screen people and song writers, to say nothing of the scene painters and authors.

Miss Anastasia Love, the charming screen star returned from Europe Thursday on the Adriatic. She spent the summer with her uncle at Skowhegan, Maine, but got back the same day the Adriatic did.

Cecil de Pruyn, well-known leading man, passed the summer at his lodge, Briarcliffe, in the Adirondacks. While spending the summer on his estate in the mountains, he was running a shooting gallery at Raspberry Park.

Algernon de Puyser spent the entire summer at the Hotel Imperial, Coronado

Beach, and never dropped a plate nor missed a tip.

Flossie and Margie Binks, the well-known dancing sisters, spent their vacation in travel—over the Pantages circuit. There was a new Flossie on the team when they came back, but the same Margie.

June Juniper has spent the summer in a car. The car she used was on a scenic railroad at Coney Island.

Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Ricks spent the summer in Northern France among the battle grounds. They had some very important battles while there. One cause of the trouble was that Mrs. Ricks said she was tired of spending four months every summer with her folks on the farm near Oil City, Pa.

Twenty-seven thousand nine hundred and eighty-six actors and actresses spent the summer in Europe and fourteen of them really got there.

DOROTHY DALE'S CAREER

(Continued from page 26)

throws something large and heavy, like a flower-pot through a window and follows it in when he hears the girl let out a yell and they are on their way back with half the police force of Westchester county after 'em. Charlie's old stone-crusher made it as far as the city line and he stopped in at Mike Ryan's to telephone me and that's all I know."

"That's enough," snapped Margot.

Pat sat in front of the window puffing his cigar contentedly. Bob walked up and down the room the victim of a hundred conflicting emotions and Margot busied herself about the tiny place humming snatches of popular songs.

It seemed hours but it was really less than forty minutes when they heard someone coming up the stair. It was Charlie and he was supporting the half-hysterical girl.

When Pat opened the door, Dorothy saw nobody in the room except Margot. She rushed to her, threw her arms about her friend and sobbed, "The brute—oh, the brute."

Bob, a livid white, grabbed his hat, and without a word dashed for the stairway.

Pat beckoned to Charlie, who came near him.

"That young bird has got quite a lot of

murder in his heart at this minute. Just chase down stairs, crank up your old cement mixer and get on the job."

"Oh, aw right," said Charlie, and he was gone.

After which Pat gave Margot a courtly bow, blew her an affectionate kiss, put on his hat, closed the door softly behind him and was on his way to the stair when Margot opened the door and called:

"Oh, Pat, darlin'."

"Yes," replied Pat hurrying back.

"I have something for you. You've been a good boy tonight, Pat."

"Sure, and what is it ye have for me, Margot."

"It is my thanks, Pat. Good night."

"O-o-o, I tho't you might be giving me a good night kiss, what?"

"I'll give you a good night clout on the Irish dome of your'n wit' a jardenier, you poor fish. How do you get that way, anyhow?"

And she slammed the door and Pat, lighting a fresh cigar strolled forth into the night, smiling the smile of a man who loves a lady.

And a half-hour later two taxicabs crossed the city line going north into Westchester county. Bob was in the first one, lashing the driver to a fury of speed.

Charlie was the sole occupant of the second.

(To be continued)

Reflections of a Rounder

A MAN who has nine children to support deserves a lot of credit. In fact, he has to have it.

It is not spilt milk that people cry over nowadays but spilt hooch.

It must be the hot weather is over. I saw a woman on Broadway yesterday without her furs.

Many a guy is the greatest actor in the country but not in the city.

It is getting so that dress suits don't seem to care who wears them.

A chorus girl never thinks an accident is serious unless she has broken her leg.

A man wrote a play without an eternal triangle or a bed in it and he still has his play.

One bird has played 1800 nights on Broadway. He plays the organ in a motion picture house.

Broadway waiters are not buying apartment houses any more. But, they don't have to. They can raise the rents on those they bought before Volstead.

You can always tell a vaudeville actor, but you can't tell him very much.

A thing of beauty spends all her time worrying for fear she'll lose it.

DAME FASHION

presents

A Panorama of the Modes
for all Ages

All Sizes

All Occasions

A Change
of Bill for
Every Hour

The fur peplum in gray lamb is the last wrinkle in suits; witness this Joseck model Florence Fair, formerly of "Clarence," is wearing



You can't miss Doris Kenyon in the woods in this wooly coat striped in red and yellow and green

1. EN ROUTE TO
THE BATH.

A de luxe edition of the bathrobe in velvet, quilted in diamond shape and bound all around in satin ribbon, even to the long bell sleeves.

2. COFFEE AND
ROLLS.

A fantasy in Dream Crepe, sea green streaked in gold and banded in squirrel, not for the nuts, but to propitiate Fashion.

3. BEFORE THE NOON HOUR.

The good old stand-by, navy serge, straight in line, with the plaits of the skirt sternly pressed in box style and medallion embroideries in copper tracing circles all over the short-sleeved bodice.

4. THE SHOPPING FEST.

Take in large doses in black broadcloth, jacket with fullness at the back, flat at the sides and cutaway at

It's not the abuse, but the discreet use of embroidery that counts this season as you'll note in this Patrician frock which delights the artistic soul of Margaret Severn of "The Greenwich Village Follies"



Photos by
Old Masters Studio

the waist-line to reveal a plain, wrapped-around skirt, short and tight. Turn back the pointed sides of the jacket and you'll discover a black satin lining faced in white broadcloth and with applied white satin motifs. The Hat—ah, yes, the hat—a turban buried under painted feathers. And there's a blouse, too, of white organdy with Queen Bess ruff and black silk cravat.

5. LUNCHEON AT THE RITZ.

With a tailbred coat dress in dark gray velour, highly colored, deeply cuffed and broadly girdled in opossum fur. Another of the poodle dog hats in red.

6. THE MATINEE.

Playing the lead in beaver Jacquard Roshanara Crepe with Princess front and Grecian draperies, the design cut out to reveal the dark brown Klimax Satin sheath and to establish a novel trimming idea. In company with a cashmere velours wrap, voluminous at the top, bloused at the low waist-line in the back and clinging close to the figure in the lower section. A toque of velvet, soft of brim, splashed over, above and below, with large flowers of leather.

7. OVER THE TEA CUPS.

With a frock of black pussy willow crepe gay with sash and loose, wide lower sleeves of brilliant green, and choker collar embroidered in glass beads and framed in seal. And there's a medallion right in the front of the blouse bodice embroidered in gold. From the softly draped velvet turban the coque trails to the shoulder.

8. DINNER EN DEUX.

And for the third, the frock of black velvet draped at the sides to display the silver lace lining; girdle and ornaments glistening with sapphire blue paillettes and rhinestones, and high collar of silver ribbon posed over a round open neck. A silver lace swirled in paradise.

9. AT THE PLAY.

Starring in a princess gown of orchid metallic lace shimmering over a sheath of metal cloth in the same soft shade, a loose panel in the back extending into a train to be snapped to the dress when dancing. Vanquished at the fall of the curtain by a wrap of ermine with neither arm-openings nor sleeves.

10. ON WITH THE DANCE.

In a Princess drape of white velvet, held at the left shoulder by the grace of Fate and a black cellophane flower studding a butterfly of tulle. A wisp of the tulle caught with the same brilliant black flowers ripples from the waist down the right onto the floor in the up-to-date minute way that trains have of taking.

11. BONNE NUIT.

And at last glimpse of a wrap of the favorite fifty-fifty combination, black velvet below, white velvet above, and the line of demarcation marked by black and white chenille embroidery glistening with threads of gold. Collared and cuffed luxuriously in black lynx.

12. OUT WITH THE LIGHTS.

But not before you get a flash of the pajamas of black pussy willow satin hand-block in the Aladdin design of the Arabian Nights series and deeply fringed all around in true Indian fashion.

N.B. Would you be a slave to Fashion? Then wear the new "Slave Bracelet" above your elbow. It may be of satin or it may be of colored bone, but it's three inches wide and dangles tassels.

Will you take them as a meal or afterwards in true Hank style or as Cheruit shows them? What? Tooth picks, Yes, waxed tooth picks made into huge chrysanthemums sticking out like porcupine quills. Guaranteed to give your dancing partner a novel sensation when you wear your Cheruit dancing dress of white Spanish lace.

Rain is no excuse for not keeping your date. Callot has cut this old-timer of our universal practice by her suit of tan rubberized silk with an apron which covers the front and back of the trousers and may be removed, showing a red leather belt holding in the blouse on the sailor order.

Three Footlight Favorites



Mary Eaton
in the
"Follies"



Louise
Stafford
in the
Ziegfeld
Revue



Frances White
in a new
production

A Hand-Picked Scenario

THIS scenario, written by Angela Mc-Glue is her first and it won the six hundred and seventy-five thousand dollar prize offered by the Movie Foundation for the most original theme and form of treatment. It is absolutely modern and not more than eight hundred pictures on exactly the same theme have been made during the past year.

THE STORY

April Arkwright is a beautiful girl of 16 who has been brought up in a convent. She knows very little of her past except that her father was some man and her mother was some woman.

Her tuition is always paid promptly on time. She is the most popular girl in the school and has never been in love.

One day a handsome young man looks over the wall and sees April and she sees him and he drops back again on the other side of the wall and she does not see him again for fifteen years. He may or may not pop up again in the story, in the discretion of the director but it is well to plant him early to keep up the suspense. His name will be supplied by the title writer.

A strange old gentleman, who turns out to be somebody's lawyer, comes one day and takes April from the convent and across the ocean to New York where her mother lives, who has not seen her since the girl was two years old. And what a mother. Ah, there's the nub of the story.

She is a rapid woman, so-called, and she runs a gambling parlor, where all the fashionables resort.

The girl's father has divorced the mother on account of her speed and he is a very rich man although very lonely. One day he rescues a little girl from in front of a Ford and she turns out to be April, his own daughter, who has just fled from the gambling resort of her mother because she believes the dice are loaded.

The father takes her into his own home and introduces her to a young English nobleman who is visiting him. This may or may not be the young man who looked over the wall. Take your choice.

They fall in love. They are married and move to Argentina but she does not tell him about her mother.

Two years afterward one of the habitues of the gambling parlor stops off at Argentina and sees her and put a price on his silence, causing her to pawn all her jewels and her husband's amber cigar holder.

The husband finds it out and when he hears about April's mother, he cans April and she returns to New York and finds work in a Child's restaurant.

Six years later, her husband is in the place and is choking on a sinker and is about to suffocate when April pounds him on the back and saves his life. They recognize each other.

They clinch.

"FADE OUT."

We Don't Believe in Signs

IN the window of a fish market, we read: "If it swims, we have it." But they didn't have any Sennett bathing girls, because we went in to order one.

In the window of a department store, we read: "Ladies' dresses on second floor, one-half off." We went up to make sure, but they weren't.

In a newspaper, we read: "Automobile skids; strikes woman in safety zone." but anyone who knows women can tell you that the "safety zone" of a woman is miles away from her.

On a restaurant bill-of-fare, we read: "We brew our own mince pies." But a person would have to have a lot of crust to get a kick that way.

On a barber shop, we read: "During alterations, customers will be shaved as usual." We tried it, and the razor only slipped four times—which is less than usual.

In these modern days of freedom of thought the marriage knot is often the marriage not.

A cynic is a man who at some time has been some woman's fool there was.

A man who stole a kiss from a charming chorus girl has been charged with pretty larceny.

Who's Who and What's What in Pictures

Gwen.—Norma Talmadge has dark brown hair and brown eyes. Elsie Ferguson has medium blonde hair and blue eyes. They are both married.

W. T. G.—I do not believe it is true that Owen Moore is married to Elaine Hammerstein. Where did you get your information?

Westerner.—Gloria Swanson's address is: 1044 Kensington Rd., Los Angeles, Calif. Why not try, she can do no more than refuse, and nine chances out of ten she will grant your request.

Sweetie.—Yes, it is true that Antonio Moreno has made his last serial and will be featured in Vitagraph's best releases.

Jeanette.—So you liked the "Courage of Marge O'Doone" but you didn't like Pauline Starke opposite Niles Welch. Why not write and tell Vitagraph, they like to know all about what the fans like and mostly about the things they don't like, as they aim to please every one.

Toto.—Rudolph Cameron is Anita Stewart's husband. Her latest picture is "Harriett and the Piper" taken from the book by Kathleen Norris. Yes, I like her very well, also her clothes.

Tatler Reader.—So you have a scenario you would like to dispose of. Why not send it in to one or several of the companies and one of them might take it from you if they think it good enough. Wish you luck.

Loretta.—"The White Moll" with Pearl White has been released by Fox and is being played at theatres in all the leading towns. Why not ask your movie theatre manager when he is going to show it.

L. M. D.—Molly King is not playing in pictures at the present time. I think she will return. I really hadn't heard that she had retired from the stage and screen. Yes, she has a little daughter and she is also the sister of Charlie King.

A. B. See.—Yes, Corinne Griffith is still with Vitagraph. Where did you get your information, that she was dead?

Adelaide.—Wallace Reid is 28 years old and married to Dorothy Davenport. They have one child, a boy.

Maybelle.—Yes, yes, yes, Thomas Meighan is married, so there is no chance for you, Maybelle. However, should I ever hear that he contemplates leaving Mrs. Meighan, I will let you know and perhaps you will have a chance. I'm not saying you will, I said, "perhaps." As "they say" he is very fond of Mrs. Meighan.

Evelyn G.—You here again! Well, I am always glad to hear from "THE TATLER" readers. Yes, Marion Davies is a blonde.

J. H. C.—No, Constance Talmadge is not married, at least not yet. Sorry you are tired of waiting for the excitement her wedding will cause.

Dorothy.—So you like Sam Ash. Yes, it is true that he has a son seventeen years old, so he can't very well be only 23 years old himself. Sorry to disappoint you.

Helen.—Marjorie Rambeau is married to Hugh Dillman. He was in the movies at one time. Yes, it is true they were in Europe this summer, they returned Monday, September 6th, on the New Amsterdam. Sorry I can't answer your other questions, this time. You don't mind waiting until next month, do you?

H. W. C.—No, Owen Moore was not killed in an automobile accident, he was slightly injured in an aeroplane accident in England several weeks ago.

Jessie.—Yes, Pauline Chase the English actress, played in this country several years ago. Fred Stone's new show is called "Tip Top."

Sweetie.—Yes, I believe Creighton Hale is still in pictures. He is married.

Jennie.—So you would like a picture of Norma Talmadge and her husband. We will try and get one for you.

V. G. M.—Yes, it is true that Virginia Pearson and Sheldon Lewis are married. I do not know if they will ever appear in pictures together.

GOING LIKE THE WIND!

THE TATLER

America's Breeziest Magazine

The sensational growth of THE TATLER proves that it's just what everybody wants. And why not? It is full of fun. It is bright, snappy, unusual, distinctive. Its pictures, selected with the greatest of care, bring a gallery of beauty to you. It glitters from cover to cover.

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